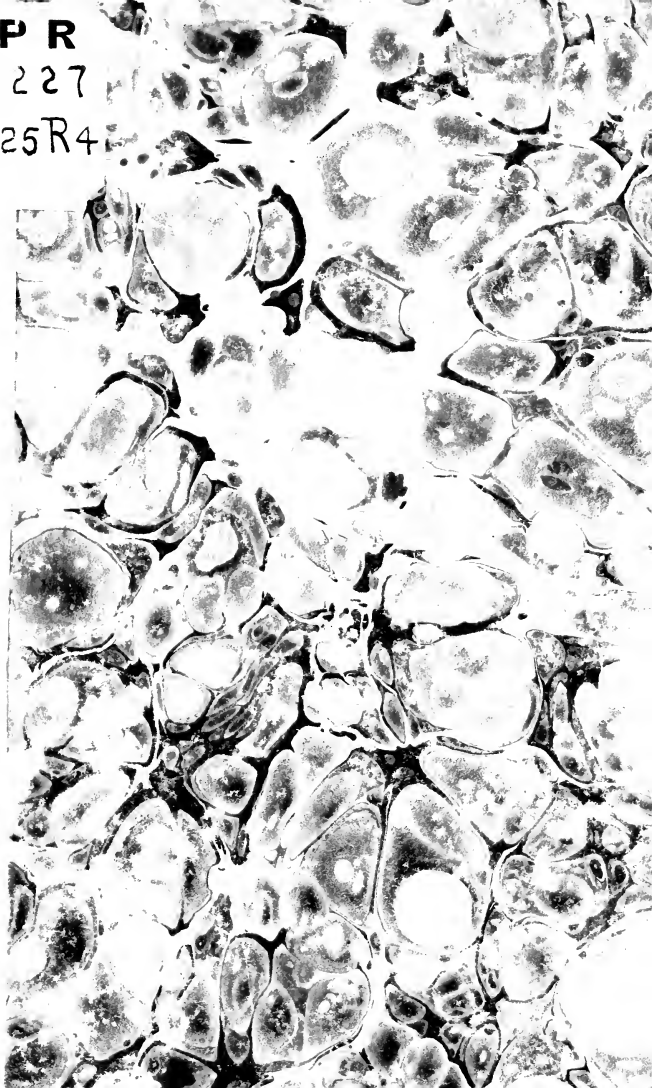


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





**RELIGIOUS & MORAL**

**POEMS.**



BY THE LATE  
**JOSEPH RICKMAN,**  
OF LEWES, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.



*PHILADELPHIA:*

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR.

1828.

PR 5-27  
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The following collection of

POEMS,

is affectionately inscribed to his  
Scholars, at Cincinnati, Frankford,  
Woodbury, Baltimore, East Nottingham,  
Bush, Fawn Grove, West Grove  
and Sadsbury, by their late teacher

W. R.





## PREFACE.

THE Poems which compose the contents of this small volume, are a portion of the writings of my beloved Father, who deceased at the age of 62, in the year 1810. I am myself not even a rhym-er, I therefore do not presume to attempt to retouch these posthumous remains. As a general rule, I believe attempting to correct poetry by a third hand, more likely to injure, than improve the composition, and apprehending that these pieces form no exception to this rule, I forbear handing them to any friend for revision. Notwithstanding poetic works are very numerous, yet, unless a son's partiality too much blinds my judgment, I feel satisfied that the friends of experimental religion, will not consider this little volume an unwelcome intruder upon the attention of the reading community. It is presumed, it will be peculiarly appropriate for juvenile readers. With a sincere desire that it may tend in some measure to promote the best interests of the rising generation, it is presented to the patronage of the public.

WILLIAM RICKMAN.



## POEMS

### RELIGIOUS AND MORAL.



#### AN EPISTLE

##### *FROM A FRIEND TO HIS SON AT SCHOOL.*

Tho' long unus'd my once obedient quill,  
To move spontaneous as the purling rill  
That gently flows along its devious way,  
Not richly full, but innocently gay ;  
While some refreshment to the neighbo'ring fields,  
Tho' small, its soft obsequious current yields ;  
And happy he who owns no nobler streams—  
That little current, as a treasure deems,  
Tho' long unus'd to cull the flow'ry lay  
And with the useful plant to blend the gay,  
Revolving years have graver tasks assign'd,  
And arduous cares employ'd my active mind :  
Yet now, dear boy, thy early days demand  
The condescension of the nurturing hand,  
To mingle with instruction, soft delight,  
And sweetly draw thee in the paths of light.

O may thy taste, refin'd by wisdom's ray,  
Still urge thee forward to the realms of day,  
In all thou seest, in all the enquiring mind,  
Can thro' the regions of creation find,

The ultra plus still deeply be impress'd,  
 The Lord of all with reverent awe confess'd,  
 His power immense, his wisdom and his love,  
 Which the wide systems of creation prove ;  
 All present suffering must be understood  
 As some way tending to the future good ;  
 Because his love supremely rules the whole,  
 And what he wills he cannot but controul.  
 But this remember as a certain truth,  
 (If to the child succeed the thoughtful youth,)  
 No mortal man completely can explore  
 The ways of God—"a sea without a shore."  
 An awful depth, wherein the finite mind  
 Can no support, but calm believing find.  
 Faith throws an anchor in the boundless deep,  
 And restless, stormy cogitations sleep.  
 That God is good forever stands confest,  
 And frail and sinful man must leave the rest.  
 Contented to receive redeeming grace,  
 Which Heaven vouchsafes to Adam's fallen race.  
 For O the truth, tho' painful, must be seen,  
 That man's corrupted, and this earthly scene  
 Partakes the sad disorder of the fall,  
 And wide creation feels the extensive thrall,\*  
 Pants for deliverance from the exotic load  
 T' enjoy the liberty of the sons of God,  
 Where morning stars in concert sweet unite,  
 And all is pure ineffable delight.  
 The eye its proper object shall perceive,  
 And every taste its full fruition have.  
 Freed from the dregs of vice, from passions sway.  
 To bask in blessings of eternal day.  
 There be thy aim thro' all the flow'ry scenes,  
 And thro' the gloomy path that intervenes.  
 Not always must we think while here to share,  
 Pleasures unmingled with corroding care ;  
 The rose its thorn, the fruit its bitter yields,  
 And blended good and ill spread o'er life's fields.

O keep in view that state where all is clear,  
 And joy unmixed fills th' eternal sphere.

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\* Rom. viii. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.

Ponder the chart which marks the heavenly road,  
 Thro' all times changes to the unchanging good,  
 And read the records of thy Saviour's love  
 Till thy heart melt, and thou his goodness prove.  
 Let no day pass without the sacred lore;  
 The bible is a rich exhaustless store;  
 There truths abound to peace of sov'reign aid,  
 In storms a shelter, in the heat a shade.  
 Refreshing streams flow from the sacred lines  
 And grace divine in mildest glory shines.

Mark well the wonders of the historic page,  
 The paths of providence in every age;  
 Revolving periods opening wide the plan  
 Of boundless goodness to dependant man.  
 And justice—but another name for love,  
 When men rebellious to his mercy prove.  
 See nations rise and fall at his command,  
 And awful judgments sweep a guilty land!  
 But mercy triumphs in the enlarged scheme,  
 And "God is love" remains the crowning theme.  
 Here chiefly too the sacred page observe,\*  
 Whose faithful penmen hold no false reserve,  
 But truth's clear mirror rais'd to public view,  
 Reflects from characters their every hue;  
 Nor individuals of the greatest fame  
 Escape the censure where they merit blame;  
 But thus instruct, in every point of view,  
 As bright examples, and as cautions too.

At opening dawn, and closing evening shade  
 Thy thankful offerings to the Lord be paid.  
 His condescending love will not disdain  
 To hear an infant's praise, nor suppliant's strain.  
 Review his mercies countless as the sand,  
 That lines the deep, or forms the ocean's strand.  
 Implore his pardon in thy Saviour's name  
 When conscious guilt o'erspreads with sacred shame;

---

\* Here too with respect to history; the sacred historians mention even the blemishes of the most eminent characters, as instructive cautions on the one hand, and lessons on the other, not to despond under a sense of our faults and remaining infirmities.

And beg his grace to guide thy tender feet  
 Into the paths where love and duty meet.  
 The ways of pleasantness and peace conjoin'd  
 While wisdom's dictates rule the obedient mind;  
 The inferior passions held in strict controul,  
 And holy awe diffus'd throughout the soul:  
 The soft affections cherish'd yet with care,  
 That objects only to their worth may share.  
 Thus hand in hand shall peace and pleasure move  
 And every state its suited mercies prove,  
 Thro' all the scenes of life, and every stage  
 From life's fair dawn to slow declining age.

If fond affection sends thy thoughts to roam  
 From Sarum's streams, to Thames, thy native home;  
 To those fair fields with constant verdure spread,  
 O'er which proud CLIFTON rears his princely head,  
 And Boston's turrets crown the neighbouring hill  
 While peace and plenty all the village fill.  
 How oft at eve, in converse join'd  
 At once t' improve and recreate the mind,  
 How sweet to stray thro' all the varied scene,  
 The woods umbrageous, and the cheerful green;  
 The gentle slopes, spread o'er with waving gold  
 While fleecy flocks and herds, the meads unfold.  
 See distant prospects join the sweet regale,  
 And Windsor's royal towers o'erlook the vale.  
 The Forest forms a deep contrasting shade  
 Except where pierced by the pleasing glade—  
 But whither runs my widely wandering strain  
 To sport in mere descriptive scenes in vain?  
 My chaster judgment checks the devious flight  
 Recalls the quill and points to what is right.

I meant to say should filial fond desire  
 Look towards thy home, and of our state enquire;  
 Their welfare ask, whose tender love for thine  
 The parents' heart and guardian's care conjoin.—

The balm of life, thro' favour we enjoy,  
 Content and health, those sweets which never cloy.  
 Tho' some few bitters wisdom may dispense  
 Their promis'd good o'ercomes the present sense.

Thy little brothers rise a sprightly throng  
 Fit subjects for the muse's cheerful song;

The different talents of the little race  
 Their tempers various as the varied face.  
 John's active mind requires a silken chain,  
 Tho' prone to err yet easy to restrain ;  
 Submissive to affection's soft controul,  
 And mild correction melts his tender soul.  
 William more hidden, calls for dext'rous care  
 To blend persuasion with decisive air ;  
 Tho' tender strong ; contends to have his will,  
 And bows reluctant while the tears distill.  
 \* King Henry, King, with music in his voice  
 And sweetest features form'd to please the choice ;  
 Yet stern, impetuous, asks the uplifted arm  
 And shaken rod to terrify from harm.  
 Like the wild colt pursues his eager course,  
 Nor stops without authoratative force.  
 Sweet smiling Neave an unexpanded rose  
 A bloom whose fruit succeeding days disclose,  
 If no sharp frost, nor death commission'd blast  
 Nip the fair flower and lay its beauties waste.  
 And now, dear boy, remember oft thy place,  
 The elder born should draw the younger race.  
 And by example point the heavenly road,  
 The path of light which leads to perfect good.  
 So shall thy days with peace and pleasure roll  
 Till thou attainest to life's eternal goal.

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\* Perhaps it is unnecessary to remind thee that George is here distinguished by one of his first sentences which he used to pronounce with engaging sweetness.

## ADDRESS'D

### TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

Trust not in any arm of clay,  
But to his all potent sway,  
Whom the winds and waves obey. }  
He will so extend his aid  
That his grace may be display'd,  
Sovereign rich and ever free;  
This throughout his word we see;  
And the scenes of time proclaim  
Glory to the eternal name!  
*Chaos* in beauty brought  
Spheres of light from darkness wrought }  
*Matter* join'd to *sense* and thought  
Israel's captur'd sons' release—  
And their march thro' sever'd seas—  
The *cloud* a *shade* and fiery *bears*  
Rocks which pour'd a liberal *stream*  
*Manna's* long and large supply—  
*Jordan's* waters fix'd on high—  
*Bulwarks* levelled to the ground  
At the ramshorn's feeble sound—  
*Gideon's* dry and humid fleece—  
The barley meal and oil's increase.—

But the subject spreads too wide,  
I must lay my views aside;  
My little monitor is by,  
And acquaints me midnight's nigh.  
Time to seek for sweet repose;  
Time for balmy sleep to close.  
Yet in brief we just may say  
Ancient story will display,  
And revolving ages prove  
Gods unbounded power and love.  
If he chuses to employ  
*Means* to favour or destroy  
Still his Sovereign will's the same;  
His alone the glory's claim;  
To the deeply pensive mind  
Cogent call to be resign'd,  
When the adverse winds arise,  
Threatning storms obscure the skies,  
And cross events perplex and prove:  
Friends are cool—perhaps unkind,  
And awful thoughts besiege the mind;



Yet here as Jonah in the deep—  
 The Lord's all gracious care will keep;  
 His arm alone sustains the soul,  
 When the nightly billows roll:  
 Those who thus descend and trace  
 More the glories of his grace;  
 There his wonders they behold  
 As the favour'd sons of old:  
 And with emphasis proclaim  
 Glory to the eternal name!

Or if circumstances please,  
 And they live awhile at ease;  
 Well instructed still they know  
 From whose hand the bounties flow.  
 Health and riches—friends and fame.  
 All are of a brilliant frame,  
 And no longer each endures,  
 Than his providence secures;  
*Job*, illustrious, prov'd this truth—  
 Princely prosperous in his youth;  
 What an awful change appears  
 In the sad succeeding years;  
 Yet how blest his evening close!  
 Banish'd all his numerous woes;  
 Health restor'd—and peace of mind—  
 Greater riches were consign'd—  
 And again his friends were kind.

O my friend be mindful then  
 Of the precepts of thy pen.  
 Hew no cisterns of thy own  
 But confide in God alone!  
 Tho' thy mind be too well taught  
 To abuse the present thought;  
 Tho' thou dare not to depend,  
 Still thou art thankful for a friend.  
 Nor wouldst sit and *fold thy hands*  
 When to work thy Lord commands;  
 Yet his power supremely bless  
 If he favour with success, &c. &c.  
 Those truths thou knowest to prize  
 Glad in grave or gray or guise:  
 May their genuine sense impart  
 Strength and solace to thy heart!  
 Banish every anxious care,  
 And thy pilgrim mind prepare  
 For the glorious realms above.

*To the little Lambs in Ackworth Fold.*

J. AND W. R. THEIR COUSINS, &c.

Oft have my thoughts revolving o'er the scene,  
Where cheerful youth and innocence are seen,  
Expanded with affection's genial glow,  
While love and best desires spontaneous flow.

O may your minds preserv'd by grace divine,  
Increase in wisdom and in virtue shine!  
'That wisdom which in sacred fear begins,  
'That best of knowledge which departs from sin;  
Preserv'd by this as you in stature grow  
Improving virtues with your age will flow,  
'Till you become of that immortal line  
Whose lives evince creation's grand design,  
To celebrate the great creator's praise,  
And shine as stars illumin'd with heavenly rays.

Oh be your tender minds imbued with grace !  
And ardent prayers to run the christian race !  
Think how *they* shine whom love divine arrays,  
Whose active life their deep concern displays,  
To spread their Lord and master's sacred cause,  
And win the people to obey his laws ;  
'The laws of peace benevolence and love,  
'That Shiloh's richest favours they may prove ;  
What human tongue or angel's can declare  
The heavenly blessings which are center'd there !

Oft have my thoughts, revolv'd, and sought to find  
A channel for the emotion of my mind ;  
To pour the fresh instruction to the heart,  
And from the love I feel that love impart.  
May your susceptible minds the same receive  
And what is watered grace its blessings give  
Not Paul who plants, nor he whose added care  
Of streams refreshing pours the abundant share,  
Without this grace can raise the rich increase,  
From buds of Piety to fruits of peace.

How oft at dawn the sky serene and clear,  
 As in the blooming seasons of the year  
 Excites a hope the day will prove as fine,  
 And meridian warmth and glory shine ;  
 But from the elements fierce storms arise,  
 Becloud the sun and veil him from our eyes ;  
 Descending torrents roar along the plain,  
 And devastation follows in the train :  
 Too true an emblem of the youthful mind  
 When not within the sphere of truth confin'd.  
 But varying from that sacred filial fear  
 Which bow'd with awe and kept the conscience clear,  
 By sad gradation passion's storms arise  
 And clouds and darkness clothe the mental skies ;  
 Veil from the sight the radiant source of day,  
 And terror marks the travellers gloomy way :  
 The son of peace preserve your little fold !  
 And of those terrors be you only told !  
 Nor sad experience prove the painful theme,  
 Which some have known beyond an idle dream ;  
 Have felt the force of deep corruption's sway,  
 And lost the sweetness of their infant day :  
 Let other's harms your stronger caution prove  
 To dwell within the fold of peace and love !  
 Let no contentions fire your little breast,  
 Nor angry passions urge to be expressed ,  
 But think within yourselves how shall I close  
 The active day and sink to soft repose ;  
 If in the silence of the solemn night,  
 The sad remembrance of my sins affright ?  
 If naughty words and accents fiercer still  
 With terrors and remorse my bosom fill ?  
 Lest in the shades of night my soul should go,  
 Down thro' the vale of death to realms of wo,  
 But peace illumines the lovely infant mind,  
 Whom filial love and sacred caution bind :  
 Such shall experience happiness and love,  
 And the rich joys of true religion prove.

May silence deep pervade your inmost soul !  
 And every thought with holy awe controul,  
 That you may hear that language in the heart,  
 Whose sacred dictates life and peace impart !  
 How oft in early days my soul rever'd  
 Those sapient minds who in this frame appear'd,  
 Whose spirits reverent bow'd before the Lord,  
 To wait the counsel of his heavenly word ;

Then rising to reveal their master's will  
 Their words as soft refreshing dews distill,  
 And o'er the humble mind new life diffuse,  
 As to the tender plants the balmy dews :  
 Tho' close their doctrine to rebellious states,  
 Yet love their mission over all awaits—  
 That love I thought, which thus their mission seal'd,  
 And counsel suited to the states reveal'd,  
 Is still the same in every time and age,  
 As near to instruct the children as the sage ;  
 This voice to Samuel spoke the Almighty's law  
 And hoary Eli heard with reverent awe ;  
 Tho' young the sire, the truth divine express'd,  
 Bore its own weight, and bow'd the aged breast,  
 Still the same love and power remain to give  
 The word of truth to all who will receive :  
 How clear its counsels which unfold the heart !  
 Nor only sight but life and strength impart  
 To willing minds, those dictates to pursue,  
 With present *peace* and *bliss* complete in view ;  
 This is the voice the Lord himself declar'd  
 Should in the secret of the mind be heard :  
 " He who is with you " shall again appear,  
 And this effect will prove him to be near—  
 " He by his spirit shall reprove for sin." <sup>1</sup>  
 For when remov'd from sight he'll be *within* ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And tho' his deep corrections sorrow give,  
 Yet still the bow'd soul he will receive,  
 And by his solace seal his sacred claim,  
 " The Comforter," his pure and genuine name <sup>1</sup>

O be your minds directed by this love !  
 And in the paths of sweet obedience move ;  
 Then he'll delight to fill the mind with joy,  
 To pour those riches that have no alloy ;  
 And rising into life you will appear  
 Serene as evening, and as morning fair ;  
 Intelligence and love will mark your road,  
 And point your footsteps to that blest abode,  
 Where Seraphs veil before the eternal throne,  
 And joys unmixed are forever known !

Be this sublime your fixed unvaried view <sup>1</sup>  
 Thro' every changing scene that aim pursue !  
 When *pleasure* smiles let secret fear restrain  
 From wild excess, from all impure and vain :

And when *affliction* wields her awful rod,  
 In deep attention hear the voice of God !  
 Then mild corrections he will surely prove,  
 Are but to bring you nearer to his love ;  
 To guard your tender minds from every foe,  
 And all those pangs which from misconduct flow ;  
 The gracious influence of heavenly love  
 In various modes your infant years shall prove,  
 Tho' stern *authority* a frown may wear,  
 Esteem it the result of sacred care ;  
 And needful to preserve your active mind,  
 As in the fold the little lambs confin'd  
 Have space enough to rove in cheerful play,  
 But love forbids from safety's bounds to stray,

## AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE,

*TO THE MEMORY OF AN AMIABLE, INTELLIGENT AND PIOUS SISTER, ANN JEFFERY.*

O much lov'd shade ! how oft fond thought reviews  
 Thy form benign, thy converse sweet renews,  
 Serene as evening, as the morning fair,  
 And like the fragrance of the vernal air;  
 The fainting mind thy soothing accents cheer;  
 Thy lovely periods charm the listening ear ;  
 Religion made thy soul sublimely wise,  
 And pointed thy chief ardour to the skies.  
 No cynic frowns no sour monastic strain,  
 That oft with deeper pride condemns the vain ;  
 Mild as the radiance of the queen of night,  
 Thy soften'd graces spread their genial light ;  
 And in that orbit Providence assign'd,  
 Thou showest a fair example to mankind.  
 No bigot zeal supplies the rising aim  
 To greet each mind of truly christian claim ;  
 Those who espoused the cause of heavenly love,  
 Class'd as her kindred and were sure to prove,  
 That kind affection kindred ties demand,  
 The heart expansive, and the active hand ;  
 Her soul susceptible mourn'd another's grief,  
 Alive to feel, and prompt t' impart relief ;  
 And when the social pleasures were express'd  
 Accordant strains vibrated in her breast  
 Thou wast—but ah ! what language can reveal,  
 Or what thou wast, or what survivors feel !  
 But thy lov'd W—— chiefly claims the tear—  
 Tho' awfully rent his sweet domestic sphere !  
 Yet no tumultuous grief—no pompous woe  
 Shall o'er thy corpse in raging periods flow ;  
 But hush'd each murmur—every pang resign'd—  
 Those truly mourn who imitate thy mind.  
 Methinks I see thine angel form descend—  
 Tho' starts the tear, thy voice I'll still attend,  
 Thy lovely voice !—Ah nature yields again—  
 Nor scarce collected hears the sapient strain.  
 Why should I fear to meet thee in the shade  
 Where oft thou met'st in robes of clay arrayed ?

When thy rich converse warm'd my inmost soul,  
While thoughts sublime in living currents roll.

O lov'd companion of my early years!  
How soon we mingled joys and blended tears  
Prompt to receive—and happy to impart  
The various pains and pleasures of the heart,  
When on life's stormy deep from native shore,  
My little bark was launch'd (a child no more—  
Dismiss'd the inclosure of the parents' pale)  
I sought with trembling care the prosperous gale,  
Then were thy various sprightly powers combin'd  
At once to please and interest my mind.  
Thy rapid race in sentiments sublime  
Excell'd thy seniors, and outstrip'd their prime,  
Advanc'd thee early to the realms above—  
Thy steady aim—thy first and chiefest love!  
 Oft I review thy flowing periods fraught  
With rich instruction and superior thought.  
Yet deeply conscious of its lapsed frame,  
Thy soul renounc'd each pharasaic claim,  
Confided in redeeming love alone,  
And awf'ly bow'd before the eternal throne.—  
Ah! thou wast hidden to the formal pride  
Of those who from external modes decide,  
Judge by the eye, and let a word offend,  
Altho' the christian graces sweetly blend:  
Thy mind detach'd from systems' rigid rules,  
Dared not to deem dissentient brothers fools;  
But, like the Lord, those "other sheep" embrac'd  
His Providence in various folds had plac'd;  
Yet still are sheep and in his pastures fed,  
*Grace* in their lives and Christ their common *head*.  
Nor was thy love to these choice minds confin'd,  
Thou mourn'dst the careless race of all mankind;  
Tho' human nature never lost its claim,  
But found a friend in thy relenting frame.  
Thou wast—But O this speaks "thou art no more"!  
Thy Lord commands thee to the eternal shore:  
Then would I view thee in thy bright abode,  
And trace thy "shining path which led to God";  
Nor plaintive strive to chase thee from my mind,  
But thy lov'd form in every prospect find:  
There wouldst thou smile benignant and commend—  
Here wouldst thou frown and prove the faithful friend.  
No sour reproof, yet awfully severe!

Thy transient glances made the guilty fear ;  
 When the keen censure darted from thine eye  
 And truth, thine aspect, cloth'd with majesty ;  
 Collected in thyself, the brilliant rays  
 Shone thro' the mortal shrine, a moral blaze ;  
 Yet mildly temper'd where thy mind, serene,  
 Approv'd, enjoy'd, and crown'd the social scene.—  
 Ah thou wast lovely, and thy converse lov'd,  
 The numerous circles of thy friendships prov'd,  
 The gay—the grave—the rustic—the polite—  
 The accomplish'd scholar, and the unletter'd wight—  
 Alike were pleas'd ;—Thy mien engaging—free—  
 With ease descended—rose with dignity—  
 But chiefly such whom heaven born wisdom taught,  
 'To rise from earth with pure devotion fraught ;  
 Beyond the sons of science these were priz'd,  
 Tho' thy large soul no useful arts despis'd,  
 Pleas'd to survey, and prompt to recommend  
 Whatever might to general service tend.  
 Enrich the mind—dispense a soothing aid  
 To mortal life in sorrows thicken'd shade ;  
 For well thou knowest to mourn ; thy pensive breast,  
 Smote with the general pang, was oft distress'd ;  
 But now releas'd from thy various woes,  
 And chief that keen destroyer of repose,  
 The quick, susceptible, agonizing frame—  
 Which kindled, darted as the electric flame—  
 Pierc'd thro' the nerves, and tore the trembling heart,  
 Till meek eyed pity heal'd the poignant smart ;  
 Thou mournedst the thorn (so Saul of Tarsus pray'd,)  
 Grace with that thorn dispens'd celestial aid,  
 Sufficient daily for each conflict deep,  
 Then lull'd the sense acute to balmy sleep ;  
 Supernal strength thro' mortal weakness shone,  
 And praise ascended to the Lord alone.

O may I never in this vale of tears  
 Cease to review the memoirs of thy years !  
 Tho' short thy date, replete with joy and pain ;  
 Soon clos'd the mine, but rich the golden vein,  
 O with what pleasure oft I view'd the ore !  
 And scorn'd the meanness of the miner's store ;  
 For thou wast generous, free, and unconfin'd,  
 Pleas'd to impart and glad the kindred mind ;  
 Congenial spirits shar'd thy brilliant thought,  
 With sterling sense and information fraught.



Yet when retir'd thy tender mind review'd  
 The social scenes, and grace its radiance shew'd,  
 Prostrate, before the throne, with humble prayer,  
 Thy heart, contrite, was fill'd with jealous care,  
 Lest *self* assume those gems with which the Lord  
 (Sole source of beauty ! all creative word !)  
 Robes (as "a bride adorn'd,") the immortal mind,  
 To show the sons of earth what heaven design'd,  
 When by his potent fiat rose to sight  
 This fair creation from the realms of night ;  
 And man in God's own sacred image fram'd—  
 Crown'd the whole work and conscious praise proclaim'd  
 But O the lapse, the sordid sons of earth  
 Have lost that lustre, and debas'd their birth.  
 This jealous fear lest self should dare assume,  
 And with a borrow'd lustre vainly plume,  
 Bow'd all her powers and rais'd the deep felt groan ;  
 The sacred incense blends before the throne ;  
 The mind reduc'd in every point of view,  
 Renounc'd herself and to Immanuel flew ;  
 With filial confidence embrac'd the plan  
 Of love celestial to revolted man.—  
 Ah ! there, her beckoning hand extended see !  
 Her awful frame invites—come follow me !

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## ADDRESSED

### *TO A SON WITH A BIBLE.*

At least one chapter every day—  
 The advantage amply will repay ;  
 But if to this thou add'st one more,  
 It will increase thy mental store,  
 Provided grace divine be sought,  
 T' impress the truths which here are taught.  
 Truths more sublime than Plato's page,  
 Or all that fill'd the Grecian age,  
 Philosophers and bards in vain  
 Contrast the Prophets' heavenly strain,  
 When they describe Messiah's reign ;  
 On earth good will and perfect peace !  
 Blessings ever to increase !  
 Thus reflected praise on high !  
 Thus proclaim'd his Deity !  
 Attentive read and trace the plan  
 Of boundless love to worthless man,

## TO A MARRIED COUPLE.

Hail happy pair! 'tis friendship tunes the lay,  
 That joys to see this kind auspicious day—  
 'This happy morn that crowns that mutual love,  
 O'ererring wisdom first ordain'd above.  
 Say what inducement taught the breast to move  
 'To sacred friendship, and to virtuous love?  
 'Twas winning piety and sense conjoin'd,  
 That spoke the innate beauties of the mind;  
 Cementing friendship also lent its aid,  
 And crown'd the happy choice that prudence made,  
 No bribing wealth, nor base designing art  
 Urg'd on to flatter, or impel the heart.  
 Spontaneous efforts fann'd the latent fire,  
 And grace refin'd and sanctified desire.  
 May Cana's guest attend your steps below,  
 And smile propitious as you onward go!  
 May He, indulgent, bless your future days  
 And tune your grateful hearts to sing his praise!  
 Behold, my friends, a father's tender care  
 In all the blessings, which in life you share;  
 His goodness view, in all you daily prove;  
 For your enjoyments are his gifts of love.  
 Should adverse providence your steps attend,  
 And every sweet with some kind bitter blend,  
 With hand the friendly cup receive,  
 And drink the potion heaven reserv'd to give.  
 If poverty or want await you here,  
 The feeling stroke with resignation bear;  
 The God who sends them rules their potent sway,  
 And by his presence smiles their frowns away.  
 The various ills in life you're born to share,  
 Are bounteous blessings of parental care.  
 This each shall own, and both with joy confess;  
 Nor even wish to make your trials less.  
 Like humble pensioners, devoted stand,  
 Imploring mercies from a father's hand,  
 With grateful hearts receive his kind supplies,  
 Nor wish imparted, what his love denies.

If thus resolv'd, pursue your christian way,  
 Nor stop to listen what the world may say.

Let nobler thoughts your conscious minds employ  
 And crown your interval of life with joy.  
 But as you journey on expect to find  
 Those troubles incident to human kind.  
*They* fondly dream of happiness in vain,  
 Who seek to find it without loss or pain.  
 In miry paths must tread your wandering feet,  
 Where ease with pain ; where joys with sorrow meet.  
 These, loving pilgrims, as ye onward stray,  
 Must be your portion thro' life's rugged way.

If love and harmony you would preserve,  
 Avoid, by careful steps, that fiend *reserve*.  
 Let both alike, with conscious pleasure, see  
 A generous mind, from false deception free.  
 Let both in each a sweet companion find,  
 Indulgent, tender, affable and kind ;  
 Devoid of art, let each attempt to prove  
 A greater warmth of undissembled love.  
 In joy, in sorrow, or in pain, or ease,  
 Let each, alike be studious how to please ;  
 In every trial an equal share,  
 Each take a part, and try to lessen care.  
 Let concord, harmony, and peaceful joy  
 Each future moment of your lives employ.  
 Thus shall you both substantial bliss secure,  
 And heaven indulgent, choicest blessings pour,  
 Decrepid age shall then with pleasure view,  
 His snowy honours crown'd with joys anew ;  
 With grateful hearts survey the trials past,  
 And hail the moment that shall bring the last.  
 Diviner bliss shall each fond breast inspire  
 And fill the soul with pure celestial fire ;  
 With holy rapture make your latter days  
 Resound the language of incessant praise.  
 Your setting sun, when life's short day is o'er,  
 Shall rise unclouded, and go down no more ;  
 His genial rays shall every care destroy,  
 And stamp eternal all your future joy.

Beign, happy pair, to accept the feeble lay,  
 'The pleasing theme of this auspicious day :  
 'Tis friendship speaks :—if more she can declare,  
 Be that the subject of devoted prayer.

## THUNDER AND LIGHTNING,

ADDRESSED TO ———

*Sitting by, and expressing fear of the storm.*

Fear not the lightning's vivid glare,  
Nor thunder rolling thro' the air;  
Commutations in the nether sky  
Obey his voice who sits on high—  
Whose potent arm sustains the earth,  
The heavens, the universal birth.  
He who rejoices us with day,  
At his command the lightnings play;  
The appointments of his sacred will,  
They in their flaming rout, fulfill;  
Conjoin'd with thunder—potent hand!  
In dread array pass o'er the land;  
Yet friends to man, they, from the air  
Disperse the foes that harbour there,  
From stagnant lakes and putrid bodies rais'd,  
The same who sends the genial shower,  
Directs the storm's tremendous power.  
View then thro' all a God of love,  
And every slavish fear remove.

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## SACRED CONTENTMENT.

*ADDRESSED TO THE AFFLICTED MIND.*

Sole Lord of bliss! send down a gracious beam  
To clear his thoughts who makes content his theme,  
Content transcends a crown; tis wisdom's mark:  
Choice manna treasur'd in religion's ark:  
A perfect watch, whose motions firmly hold:  
A chymic stone which turns dull lead to gold:  
An olive branch brought in a turtle's bill:  
An anchor which at sea secures us still:

A calm in storms, and peace when wars invade :  
 In frosts a sunshine, and in heats a shade  
 That high tuned harmony for which we long ;  
 A sweet prelude to a heavenly song.  
 A Canaan that with streams of honey flows,  
 A graft whereon the fruit of life's tree grows :  
 The embroidery which the King's fair daughter wears  
 When she all glorious in her soul appears.  
 The heart's bright ruby where with this endu'd  
 Shines as a star of the first magnitude.  
 But discontent the active mind withdraws  
 From sacred duties ;—crosseth reason's laws ;  
 Changeth to dismal night sweet comfort's day ;  
 Prolongeth crosses, and doth blessings stay.  
 'Tis a dry dropsy, which consumes life's powers ;  
 A lump of leaven that each comfort sours ;  
 A pricking thorn that festers in the mind,  
 A breach where all temptations entrance find.  
 It lies in labour of its own distress,  
 Brought forth by pride, brought up by peevishness,  
 That Nabal's heart in which it makes abode  
 Like Isachar doth twixt a double load.  
 'Tis discontent not misery weighs us down,  
 Waters within, not those without us drown ;  
 While to life's moment all our cares we bend,  
 We live unmindful of an awful end.  
 Content, rejecting toys, minds things to come,  
 Assur'd to have enough to bring her home.  
 Riches take wing, and worldly pleasures flight  
 Glow worms seem useless tho' they shine by night.  
 Content exhorts us not to wealth to aspire—  
 The greatest wealth is to contract desire.  
 She treasures mercies in a grateful heart—  
 Content and thankfulness all bliss impart.  
 In thy relations meetest thou with neglect  
 Where most of gratitude thou mightst expect ?  
 Are thine allies, like Joseph's careless friend,  
 Forgetting thee when they've obtain'd their end ?  
 Tho' love doth love require, and bounty binds,  
 And hath returns from all but servile minds—  
 Admire God's constant love which knows no banks  
 As far beyond thy merit as thy thanks :  
 Hast lost a friend to whom thou couldst divide,  
 Thy soul, and didst as in thyself confide ?  
 The wise man's happy in himself alone,  
 And if he hath no friend he needeth none.

Joy triumphs in his breast his generous mind,  
 In its own sphere can satisfaction find:  
 From comfort's author he his comfort draws;  
 He wants not the effect who hath the cause.

Art thou afflicted, God his gold refines  
 By fire—the link when bruised brighter shines,  
 Contentment turns afflictions into gems,  
 Disconsolation into diadems.  
 He most is lost who knows no worldly loss,  
 The spouse of Christ is jointur'd to his cross,  
 Esteem thyself than all God's mercies less,  
 To be on this side Hell is happiness.

Are for the Church thy sympathizing fears  
 Which seems to sink as deep in blood as tears—,

Have faith—she shall like palms depress'd rise high,  
 Her visitations end in victory.  
 'Tis darkest night ere dawn; this also cheers,  
 She'll reap in comfort what she sows in tears,  
 And then each sister church shall reverence show  
 As Joseph's bretheren's sheaves to him did bow.

Art griev'd for sin?—To thy redeemer go  
 By faith and prayer; He underwent thy woe,  
 And on the cross did sin's full ransom pay,  
 There took sin only to take sin away.  
 Love's life chose death, that death love's life might gain;  
 He's thine by grace,—thou his by faith remain.  
 O wonderful gift! such love was never known!  
 Since he is thine, be never more thine own!  
 'Thrice happy' he who on God's word relies,  
 And slighting earth, to heaven directs his eyes.  
 Who free from care is pleas'd with what he is,  
 The world's whole lottery proves a blank to this;  
 For who content doth in the highest place,  
 Hath joy's joy—virtue's virtue—grace's grace!

Vexation is a sin—for that lament,  
 Most discontented for thy discontent.

## A MEDITATION.

Come, O divinest power ! Immanuel come !  
 And by thy spirit from my breast expel  
 And chase those foes which late harbour'd there,  
 The placid stream of thy serenest joy,  
 Spread thro' my soul and bid new spring arise ;  
 The margin where thy love abundant flows  
 Shall verdant be and sweetest flowers produce ;  
 The growth of paradise—immortal plants—  
 Lebanon's fair cedar—with the fructile vine—  
 With numbers more which glow in Eden's seat.

But if confin'd as in the fountain head  
 No sacred streams refresh my weary soul,  
 Then as a sterile waste it will remain,  
 Fertile in nothing but the noxious thorn ;  
 While o'er the parched soil the savage race—  
 The fiercest of the bestial tribe—will stray ;  
 Propell'd by native wrath destroy my peace,  
 And rend the earth with furious horrid roar,

---

## A FRAGMENT.

Happy the man whose small estate supplies  
 A little more than mere necessities !  
 Who lives abstracted from the city's noise,  
 The pomp of courts, and its illusive joys ;  
 In no vain arts employ'd—his mind  
 Studies the noblest science of mankind :  
 His Saviour God supremely in his view ;  
 Not in mere *knowledge*, but *affection* too ;  
 He knows his own—he knows his neighbour's due,  
 And in one common interest blends the two.

---

## AN EJACULATION.

*Rising in the morning, in a time of deep and long  
 Affliction. 1794—*

Each rising morn with sorrow waked !  
 When will our conflicts end ?  
 Great God, thy gracious power impart,  
 And blessings with our sorrows blend.

## THANKSGIVING.

*In a time of mental relief, and the victory of  
faith. 1795—*

The blessing crav'd thy love extends!  
And turns the prayer to *praise*!  
Our groans are hush'd and mercy blends,  
With every grief her *rich* displays!

---

## TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

How firmly fixed that rest the mind receives,  
Who with unshaken confidence believes!  
In each event beholds a father's love,  
The deepest trials choicest blessings prove!

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## TO —————

*A Baptist Minister, with several books returned  
on Baptism.*

In reverend Stennett wisdom shines,  
And calmness curbs his glowing lines,  
M'Gregor's shrewd but too severe, }  
Nor his deductions always clear ; }  
But copious Booth the palm shall wear. }

But still my friend, tho' they succeed,  
And overthrow the sprinkling creed,  
Not all their pains persuade my mind  
That in perpetuum we shall find,  
Immersion is the standing mode,  
Prescribed by the sacred code.  
As well we from the text infer  
Unless we burn we surely err:



Since fire's an emblem also taught—  
And with instruction deeply fraught;  
Yet who believes the outward flame  
Confers the *real christian* name?

But let us wave polemic strife,  
And pant for that immortal life!  
'That sacred love! that holy fire!  
Which prompts to join the heavenly choir.  
Proclaims to earth Immanuel's sway,  
And spreads the glories of the gospel day.

---

*On an intelligent, amiable and pious youth; but in  
a very unattractive form.*

When I the treasures of thy mind survey,  
Season'd with grace, illum'd with heavenly day,  
My soul adverts to that bright son of love;  
Who,—now triumphant in the realms above,—  
Was once in human nature's humblest form,  
And seem'd to haughty superficial minds a worm.  
So mean contemptible of their esteem,  
His lowly state and modest graces seem.  
But deep within the curtain'd fleshy vail,  
The sons of wisdom all the God-head hail!

Thus oft his humble followers are seen,  
Despis'd as "earthen pitchers," poor and mean;  
But justly priz'd by all the wise and good,  
By whom the inward glory's understood.

---

## A THOUGHT.

Pencil'd on the broad margin of a chart—of the present  
*seat of war* in Europe—while waiting at a gentleman's  
for his coming in, 1795.

How awfully strikes the deeply pensive heart—  
What if Britania should enlarge this chart!

And by the mandate of the Lord of hosts  
The scourge of war extend o'er Albion's coasts.

Great God! we vail to thy Almighty hand  
And own thy *justice* on our guilty land!  
Yet humbly bow thy wrath to deprecate,  
And beg thy *mercy* to our threaten'd state!  
Let *mercy* triumph o'er stern *justice's* rod  
That Sion may proclaim her *Saviour God!*  
Thou know'st the thousands bent before thy throne,  
Who breathe in secret, and contrited groan;  
Hear for thy *mercy's* sake and plead their cause!  
*'Thy cause! thy truth! thy people! and thy laws!*  
Oh! Saviour God! who hear'st thy suppliants' prayer,  
Tho' thou correct'st, O! may compassion spare.

---

To a lively little girl who used to repeat, in a very sprightly manner, some lines, complaining of the melancholy situation of being remote from the Capital, confin'd with an aunt infirm and a father gouty.

O! C——! in this lov'd retreat,  
What soft and tranquil pleasures meet  
Far from the city's bustling noise,  
Sweet and serene our rural joys!  
Nor "*dut! the village*" when the mind,  
Is to a polished taste refined;  
And loves to muse the historic page—  
The bard sublime—the instructive sage

Nor does the gout forever tease,  
Father enjoys some grateful ease:  
While good "old aunt" her pain forgets,  
And many an anecdote repeats;  
The grave and pleasant blends with ease,  
To form the heart,—the fancy please.  
When doubly thus the converse warms,  
E'en sable winter has her charms!  
And when resolving spring resumes,  
Creation's smiles, what joys diffuse!  
How blest "*the village*"! sweet retreat!  
Where soft and tranquil pleasures meet.

## TO M. R. AND FAMILY.

Receive my dear relatives the following simple lines, as the product of the heart, rather than the head : a heart deeply—to the full unutterably—affected by that awful event which recently took place among us. O may the solemn impressions never wholly wear off.

Reflections arising from the decease of my dear brother R. P. R. who was favoured with a gentle dismission from time, into a blessed eternity, on the 28th of 9th mo. 1891, in the 56th year of his age.

What mortal eye can pierce the awful veil  
When life retires—and all terrestrials fail !  
When severed from our view, the soul releas'd  
Quits the sad confines of a frame diseas'd,  
Probation's numerous cares, and all its fears—  
To join the hosts in life's eternal spheres !  
O ! could some spirit from those realms descend  
What vast importance would his counsels blend !

Thus as I pensive view'd the clay cold frame,  
Which erst sustain'd each tender social name :  
The vehicle thro' which, in accents kind,  
Breath'd the soft fervours of the immortal mind,  
What language can the solemn change express !  
'Tis silence all !—ineffable distress !  
But secret whispers from a voice divine,  
Calm all the mental powers and they *resign* !  
A sacred awe surrounds !—and thro' the veil  
Celestial accents deep attention hail—

Sure 'tis the echo of the dear deceas'd,  
Exulting loud to feel the soul releas'd,  
—“ The cause of grief to *me* exists *no more*—  
Forever safe ! on heaven's eternal shore !  
If grief could reach me, those who still remain  
On your bleak coast demand my plaintive strain :  
Weep for yourselves, the numerous storms which wait  
The candidates for this immortal state :  
Weep for survivors in probation's sphere,  
And tremble for yourselves with filial fear !

O! with what transport now I trace below  
 My varied paths, beset with human wo !  
 Safe from the storms beneath, I view their force,  
 And laud the hand that stop'd my dangerous course.  
 'Twas grace unspeakable, and love divine  
 That gave my soul to touch the sacred line ;  
 The gentle clue which thro' the thickest shades  
 Of sin and sorrow, and life's snares pervades :  
 O! bow in reverence ! nor presume to scan  
 In human wisdom, heaven's mysterious plan ;  
 Dread to depart from that dependant state,  
 When humble souls for sacred counsel wait !  
 So shall you 'scape the numerous pangs which rise  
 To haughty minds who heavenly grace despise,  
 Who by "the buckler of their own right hand,"  
 In impious confidence, presumptuous stand :  
 —Forever safe ! — my soul exults to feel  
 The glorious truths Immanuel's words reveal !  
 With awe profound, prostrate before his throne,  
 Ascribes salvation to the Lord alone !  
 And sees beyond the sceptic's wavering lore  
 A light divine, celestial themes explore ;  
 Now beam effulgent truths, which faintly view'd  
 Sooth'd my worn soul and quell'd disquietude !  
 Here stands confessed their radiance all divine,  
 And in their lustre saints immortal shine.  
 Review our converse when with you below  
 I lis'd those themes to soothe our mutual wo,  
 And sought to elevate the aspiring soul  
 With pure ambition towards the heavenly goal !  
 O'er all besides the oblivious veil extend,  
 And view with steady aim the glorious end !  
 The glorious end ! repeat the exulting strain !  
*Beyond expression* all besides is vain !  
 The boasts of science and the pride of wealth—  
 And even the enjoyments of the bloom of health—  
 All —all is poor ! contrasted with the mind—  
 And the rich frame for heavenly scenes design'd  
 Exhausted soon shall every triumph fade,  
 But those which can survive the mortal shade.  
 —O! be instructed early to pursue  
 With ardent hope the glorious prize in view !  
 Eternity's indeed an awful theme !  
 Terrestrial projects but a vapid dream,  
 If unconnected with celestial aims,  
 Religion's dictates, and her sacred claims !"

Then ceas'd the voice : but O ! the thrill divine  
 Demands a more expressive muse than mine ;  
 Expression fails sensations to convey  
 When near the confines of eternal day,  
 My soul adoring felt the sacred power  
 Of this high converse in that awful hour !

O ! may I breathe the few remaining days  
 In humble reverence, and in grateful praise !  
 Enjoy time's blessings with a cautious frame,  
 That nothing damp the deep ethereal flame  
 Of pure devotion in the immortal mind  
 For glory and eternal bliss design'd !  
 And wait with lively hope—the happy close  
 Of life's probations, and its varied woes !

## A SIMILE.

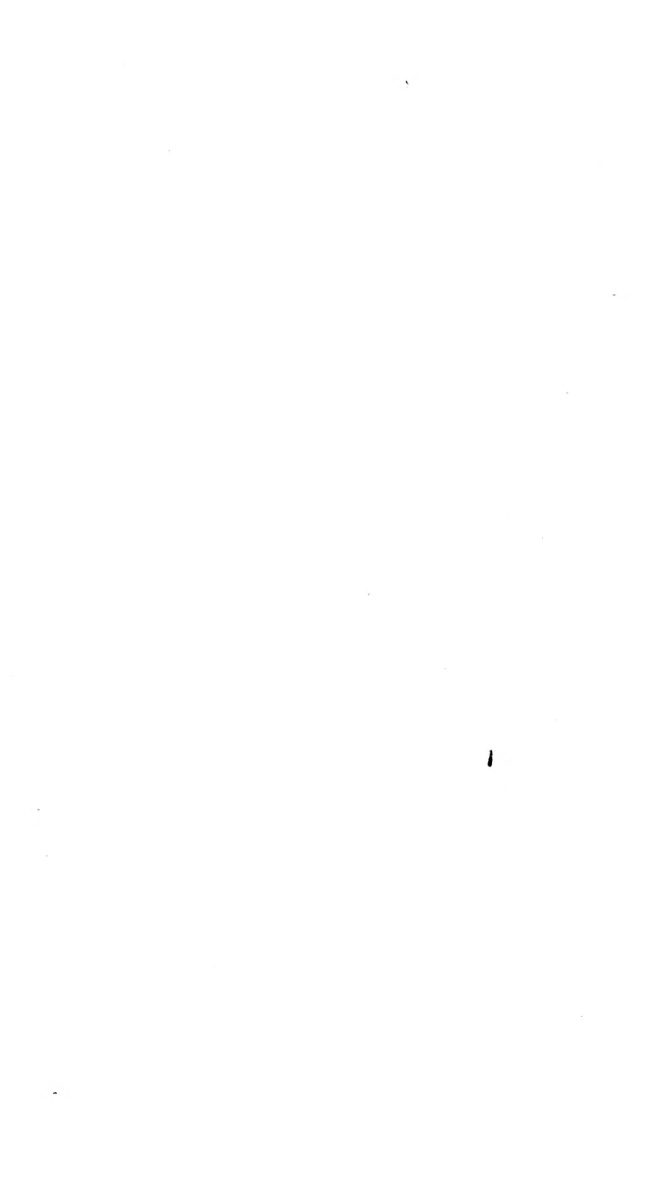
*Written at an Inn, at C——, Surry.*

Life's a journey—and our state  
But the Inns at which we bait ;  
Accommodations to be had  
Sometimes good—but often sad :  
Abroad the weather sometimes fair,  
But often clouds and storms appear :

Happy he whom prudence sways,  
Not to trust to smiling days !  
Whom wisdom teaches to prepare,  
For the *traveller's* varied fare !

FINIS.









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